CHRISTMAS EVE.

The world, it older grows and older, And with it we grow old, in sooth; But hearts should keep, that else get colder, A corner for perpetual youth; And who that has least knack at rhyming Could fail his verses to begin, While blithely sounds the Christmas chiming And all the jolly Christmas din ?

Ah! what to me is night or morning? As I sit here I only know There cannot come a Christmas dawning As dawned it once and long ago. So many dead that would have greeted With me this day of love divine! So many, howsoe'er entreated, That still sleep on and make no sign!

Far off, the shooting starlight under, Stands an old house beside the sea; It once was mine-ah! was-I wonder Whose lair of love it now may be, What small expectant there is sleeping, With Orient dreams of Christmas pelf, Who ere the sun rise will go peeping Where hangs the stocking from the shelf?

Dear little child, unknown and nameless, Would I could see the wondering eyes That, with an avarice all blameless, Devour the treasure-prize on prize! Yours is the purse of Fortunatus, My merry millionaire in toys! Ah! no such thrills and throes await us, Since we no more are girls and boys.

There's pang of apprehended pain: There's dull distress at vester's losses; There's hankering for illusive gain, With, day by day, incessant crosses; Twould be no more a world to grieve in, If ours were faith without the flaws; What saint is there that we believe in As we believed in Santa Claus !

What time is this for sigh or tear? For maundering and melancholy? If Christmas comes but once a year, It surely comes to make us jolly! For heart responsive unto heart, And hands to friendly hands outreaching, Were better than to sit apart, And wiser than the wisest preaching.

We've won since then our great successes-Brave toys, the prize of bitter strife;-Fame, honor, wealth and all that blesses, As mortals think, this mengre life; Perhaps have found our labor fruitless, Have honor missed, and peace and health-All save a generous spirit bootless, And nothing save affection, wealth!

Toys? what are toys? we've grasped and lost them; Gifts? what are gifts, if wanting heart? Sometimes we've met, semetimes have crossed

them, Sometimes have pleased to sit apart; But all of all our dreamy dreaming, All of our gain and all of miss, We'll wager 'gainst our foolish scheming,

Because it all but comes to this! For see! The morning light is breaking; I pull the curtain from the sash; I look down where the fire is making Its exodus in good gray ash. I wonder that from all its powder, So gray, so grim, so darkly dun, No voice comes just a whisper louder-

And so look out and hail the sun! It comes! it comes! just see the edges, Where breaks to me the Christmas sky; I greet its roseate blooms as pledges Of something better by and by. Shine out, old world, and be the brighter! Come back, old days, the only blest! 'Tis only love that makes hearts lighter-

And Christmas trust is sare the best. CHARLES T. CONGDON. Christmas Eve, 1881.

LIAH'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE. Written for The Tribune's Christmas Issue. "There's yer pankin!"

-And he set down on the kitchen table a small irregular shaped pumpkin; not a big smooth golden sphere such as lay heaped on the barn floor in hun-

"Oh, Father!" said his wife very gently, being a tittle wan, meck-faced creature, with scarce the pungency of a mouse or the spirit of a weakly lamb. "Well! what now ?" snapped Eliah Hoskins, turning on the door-sill to look at her under his shaggy

Why, ha'n't ye got no better than that? it's real slim lookin', seems as though we'd cught to kinder put the bes' foot foremost seein' Abner's comin' to Thanksgivin' and Netty's comin' to stay."

"It's good 'nough, Sary Ann. I got a first-rate offer for the rest on 'em to Hickory Farm, and they won't take no runts there, now, I tell ye. It's good mough. I done why tolks has got to guzzle and stuff jest because it's a Thank-givin' Day. It's bad enough to have ye set to that the bronze turkey had to be slartered for it. I never see his ekel for a faowl, and I begratch him to be used to hum, when he's worth five dollars good money to the city, most anywhere."

Sary Ann held her peace, and the tyrant of the family took himself off. In his remarks about that bronze turkey he said nothing of the fact that his wife had given her black silk apron to a neighbor's wife in exchange for six eggs of this mighty breed, three of which hatched out into two cocks and a hen; a pair were kept for breeding, and this one forcordained to be the chief agure at Thanksgiving. Mrs. Hoskins had petted, pampered, waited on, watched over and run after with an anxious care its real parent never could have equalled. She had put pepper-corns on its unwilling tongue for the good of its digestion; she had rubbed sulphur and lard, kerosene oil, wormwood tea and nobody knows what else into its infant feathers; and chopped onion-tops and scalded meal and 'pussley for it, till the kitchen was odorous; and now it was plump and glossy as a ripe chestnut, and all ready to be killed for the feast. Yet Liab grudged it. There are "more than four" people like Eliah Hoskins in the world; he had been born into a state of gin and misery, as the catechism says, ground into the dust by penurious and narrow parents, and the awful poverty that is the lot of some New-England farmers, who drag out a life on its lonely hillsides more frugal in its fare than a hermit's, and far more dreadful to end re, since its privations and distress are not to be endured alone.

Liah had inherited, however, the fruit of all this laborous poverty in the shape of a farm more extensive than profitable; but free from mortgage or debt of any kind. Principally woodland, it had been unproductive erough, and when he married Sarah Ann Parks he inducted the gentic, shy young girl into a life of hard work and of self-repression which had almost worn her out; but for her children she would have been very glad to take the place ready for her in the lonely little graveyard at the foot of Saltash Mountain, where her father

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"We'll see!" she said confidently. "I could trim up the house beautifully; there's lots of young hemlocks up the hill, and it's such mild weather the ground hasn't frozen yet, and I remember that old lot full of sumachs where there are three kinds of ground pine; and I'll coax father to give me some money and we'll have your first Christmas Day

kept in good fashion, Mammy." Mrs. Hoskins turned her head away and pretended to see something out of the window; she hated to aip Netty's hopes in the bud; she knew the girl might as well hope to move that dismal old gray barn she was staring at with its littered yard and rickety fences teiling the story of neglect and penuriousness, as to move her father; and yet-poor mother! it was perhaps possible that those clear sweet gray eyes, that rippled wealth of hair, those firm red lips and warm flushing cheeks she found so rresistibly lovely, might touch 'Llab's heart as she herself had never touched it. Yet so small was her faith that when after supper was over and the ishes washed, and Netty drew up her own low chair to 'Linh's side as he sat in the chimney corner warming his feet, Mrs. Hoskins went away upstairs on some poor pretext, and shivered in Netty's

cold bedroom rather than see her darling hurt. But of all this Netty was unaware; she had never yet since she came home from Haverford asked her father to do anything for her, and her courage was

like all untried courage, very strong. "Father," she began. "Didn't you ever keep

Christmas when you were a boy f" "What ?" growled 'Liah. "Didn't you hang up your stocking and give

people things Christmas ?" "I don't know what you're talkin' about, girl; I put my stockins' on my feet since I was big enough

to do 't. I wa'n't fetched up to no nonsense." "Well!" said Netty, a little less cheerily, "I supose, come to think of it, there weren't any Episcopalians round here then any more than there are now, but we always kept it at Abner's, and everybody gave presents all round, and we went to church, and I thought if you'd give me some money, dear; ten or fifteen dollars, why I would make Christmas here and have it so nice for Mother

"Stop sech talk right off. I won t hear to't! Ten lollars! why be ye out of your head, girl? 'Piscopals indeed! meetin'-house is good enough for me. 'n I've been a purfessor this forty odd year. I guess not! It's darned nonsense the bull on 't. I ha'n't got no money to throw away on sech stuff, nor Sary Ann don't want no sech notions put into her head, now I tell ye; nor don't ye go to doin' on 't. Ten dollars! I wonder ye don't want a hun-

should have a been some of the most of the most of the some thing to be sure, but early Am of the sound in the sound is sound in the so

in her hands and tears dropping down and glitter-ing against the flashes of the fire. Persistently the vision haunted him; much as he Persistently the vision haunted him; much as he longed to be in his own bedroom, to be fed and tended by his wife's patient hands, hingry as he was, cold, weary and almost desperate, he could not get that sorrowful little figure from his thought; and the wind sighing bitterly in the pine-boughs, the hissing hush of that relentless snow, the stealing and increasing gloom about him only intensitied his anguish, which began to be pain of mind as well as body. He must die there in the storm; there was no doubt of that; would anybody ever find him? They would not even know-where he died, there at home. There would be no funeral; pleasing and solemn prospect as a funeral always is to the genuine New Englander—he must forego it. With the curious perversity of that intangible and wayward comrade we call the soul, he figured to and mother slept this long time; but she had that mothedly heart that is faithful to the very end, and she resolved not only to live but to be as cheerind as her life would allow for the sake of them and the stern rule of his father, and worked his way up from the youngest clerk in a country store to te cash er in Haveford Bank, and now he was nearried, and had a little girl of three verses will be the sheer of the resolved hand now he was nearried, and had a little girl of three verses will be the sheer of the resolved hand now he was nearried, and had a little girl of three verses will be continued and work of the resolved hand the stern has fire for the possing of the see and the stern has been for the very a still in resolved a smert letter from this your table see as the proper of the first growed in the possing that the third day of the Cremtal Congress at Monte and Netty, her boy and girl.

Alone thad long since left home and the stern rule of his father, and worked his way up from the youngest clerk in a country store to be casher in Haveford Bank, and now he was nearried, and had a little girl of three verses will be called to the latter of three verses will be stern the possing home to this his father and store of the very pour dame so'd the possing home to this life in that hand-to-hand battle with the clemental forces of name and work of the very pour dame so'd the possing home to this life in that hand-to-hand battle with the clemental forces of name that standing means on the high-hand string for the second time only since he left the mack it would have repeated him in character; but what was greed in the electron and the very pour dame so'd the possing home to this life in that hand-to-hand battle with the clemental forces of name and string means on the high-hand so'd week him possing hand the possing hand to the very power dame and work of the possing hand the

geous ritinal to illustrate it; or from the lips of cloistered virgins in a dim convent chapel, it could not have impressed him as it did in this bedecked shanty, from these red childrah lips. It was only when the children gathered about the table for their supper, to-night made a feast for them by certain sugar-cakes Jeanne had baked, and raisins in their porridge, that 'Linh got a chance to speak, "Train't Sunday, is 't f' he asked Jacques. "No; it is the—what you call !—night of before Noel."

Well, I thought I'd lost my reck'nin' ef 'twas

hat God had changed his heart too, in that coal orders but in the forest by the power of His life, ove and death, who came to us at the sacred bristmas-tide.

GUESTS AT YULE.

Noel! Noel! From The Critic.

Noel! Noel!
Thus sounds each Christmas bell,
Across the winter snow.
But what are the little footprints all
That mark the path from the churchyard wall!
They are those of the children walted to-night
From sleep by the Christmas bells at light:
Ring sweetly, chimes! Soft, soft, my rhymes!
Their beds are under the snow.

Nort! Nort! Acct! Need! Acct! Acct! Acct! Acct! Acct! Acct! Carols each Christmas bell What are the wratths of mist.
That gather anear the window-pane Where the winter frost all day has lain? Where the winter trost all day has min!
They are souliess elves, who fain would peer
Within and laugh at our Christmas cheer;
King fleetly, chimes! Swift, swift, my rhymes!
They are made of the mocking mist.

Nocl! Noel! Noel! Noel!
Ccase, cease, each Christmas bell!
Under the holly bough,
Where the happy children throng and shout,
What shadow seems to fit about!
Is it the mother, then, who died
Ere the greens were sere last Christmas-tide!
Hosh, ralling chimes! Ccase, cease, my rhymes!
The guests are gathered now.
The guests are gathered now.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

LADY PANDITS.

Professor Monier Williams in The Athenaum.

In ancient times, and, in fact, throughout the whole pre-Mohammedian period, the status of Indian women was one of the co-ordination with that of men. Nay, it would be easy to show that learning was formerly entitivated with such zeal in high-caste families that it was not uncommon for women as well as men to become distinguished as pandits. Students of the "Rig-veda" are familiar with the manes of women to whom the authorship of some of the lymms and texts is attributed. In the "Brihaed Aranyaka" L panishad" the sage Yajnavatkya maintaits a philosophical dialogue in Sanserit with his wife, and in the farpana ceremonies, which an orthodox limdu goes through every morning of his life, he pays homage to a whole class of ancient female teachers. It must not be forgotten, too, that in India learning is presided over by a female divinity, Sarasvati.

With regard to more recent times, the diffusion of Christian ideas, added to the influence of our presence and example in India, is dountless bringing about a great advance in the condition of native women. Even the women themselves are showing signs of a desire for more knowledge. In travelling through some parts of India especially the Maratha country, I heard of ladies well versed in their own vernacular literature, and of not a few sufficiently acquainted with Sanserit to read the Puranas; and recently a young lady pandit, named Kama bai, has attracted much attention in Indian society by her power of improvising Sanserit letter from this young lidy, inclosing a flong metrical address, which she requested rise to lay before the Congress. It was accordingly read in the original Sanserit before a large neeting of members by Pandit Syamaji Krishnavarna. The following is an abbreviated version of the lady pandits Sanserit verses, which have men poetical merit.

"Hail, roble-minded and learned sirs! The aucient Sanserit language is at the present day like an aged mother bereft of her ornaments. For a long time, alas! she has rem Professor Monier Williams in The Athenaum.

Thus, in the case of lamily prince, it is merely a case of extended epitsim—of an egotism which is capable of being extended thus to a certain degree, but to a certain degree only. All this the inquirer will have to note; but for the present it will be enough it we consider public bencheence only. Now, it will be of some that there are three classes of action which are of good to the world at large, and which are apparent exceptions to the dectrine of self-interest. I refer to artistic production, to the search for knowledge, and to the inculcation of religious or moral goodness. And these are not apparent exceptions only; to some extent they are read ones. The question is, to what extent? The religious motive it will take too long to discuss, so we will let that pass. We will only touch upon the artistic and the scientific motives. Now, no one will for a moment dony that there is a deslight to the man of science in the very fact of discovery. Indeed, when the one is painting a great picture, or the other discovering a new planet, there is nothing, probably, of self-interest present to the consciousness of either. This, however, goes for little. Let us try an experiment. Let another artistic of the consciousness of either. This, however, goes for little. Let us try an experiment. Let another artistion to us. It will show us that in each case, though at the time it was insuspected, there was self-interest working, and giving hife to the other motives. The artist feels not only that a great picture is being painted, but he feels, "It is I that am painting it; and the astronomer feel similarly," It is I that am discovering this planet." Thus some form of self-interest is essential to all great deeds, and the decess are great in proportion to its character and vitality.

We shall find that, whereas the self-interest proper to art, science, or philosophy, is concerned merely with prestige, all other forms of self-interest proper to art, science, or philosophy, is concerned merely with prestige, all other forms of se

with prestige, all other forms of self-interest are concerned with political power, with riches and with material elevation; and we shall find a corresponding difference in the social results produced by these two classes of motive. We shall find that the more abstract, or, as we may call it, the purer form, never produces results that are of direct popular benefit. It produces discoveries, but it does not produce investions; it may lead to the understanding of economic laws, but it will never lead to the establishment of any special trade or manufacture; it may produce a great architect, but it will never produce a builder; it may lead men to form theories of government, but it will never produce and successful statesman. successful statesman.

THE MATCH-MAKING NAPOLEON

Prom The London Times.

Napoleon could be liberal for his own sake to those who centd help him, always on the condition of their absolute subserviency. But he appears to have been almost destitute of real generosity of son; he took a positive pleasure in wounding sensitive natures, and he was given to indulging in outbursts of brutality which sometimes passed from rough language into actual violence. As for that match-making mahns of his, there are two instances among many which are strikingly suggestive. One was his actually proposing, after the divorce from Josephine, that she should bestow her hand on the Prince of Wurtemburg, who, having come to Paris on political business, had been greatly taken by the fascinating Empress. Though the proposal was certainly made, it could scarcely have been serious; at all events the Prince would have had reason to repent the match, for Napoleon was in love with Josephine to the last, and proved his capricious love by his ir-From The London Times.

the match, for Napoleon was in love with Josephine to the list, and proved his capricious love by his irritable jealousy.

In the second instance to which we refer, a marriage was really brought off, in a style that reminds us of the Eastern seraglio or the guard-room; and one of the victums was no less a person than Davoust. Napoleon suddenly announced to his brother-in-law, General Lecierc, that he, Lecierc, was appointed to the command of the St. Domingo expedition, and must sail immediately. Lecierc remonstrated against the hasty departure. A sacred the bound hus to France. He had a sister who would be left atone in the world:—

We must have her married directly—to-morrow, for example.

"But I have no fortune to give her."

"But I have no fortune to give her."

"Am I not here? I o-morrow your sister shall be married. I don't know exactly to whom."

Shortly afterward Davoust entered to inform Napoleon that he was about to be married.

"To Mademoiselle Lecierc? I find the match very with able."

suitable."
"No, General; with Madame —."
"To Mademoiselle Leelerc."
And Davoust was sent off to Madame Campain in